





# SOCKIT-TO-HER SWEEPSTAKES

Being archaeology buffs, Toby and Angela are required to work diligently as waitresses for ten months of the year so they can take off the remaining two months on expeditions.

Their specialty is pre-Columbian antiquities, especially those found in Mexico and Yucatan.

There are always two or three expeditions in progress in these areas of the world, and the girls are often lucky enough to be permitted to join one of them for a few weeks each year.

This is because they know their subject very thoroughly, and because they are enthusiastic.

The fact that they are attractive girls must also be considered as a reason for acceptance.





"We really dig it," Toby put about their experiences as archaeologists. They must love the work, since these expeditions pay very little money. They are, for the most part, conducted by dedicated people who must rely on much voluntary help in order to stretch their limited budgets. When they cannot find "digging" where their services can be used, Toby and Angela set out on their own expeditions, horseback, into the back country of Mexico. On these occasions the girls get their rare artifacts directly from the native Indian







The places in Mexico where the girls travel to are so remote from most of civilization that the Indians still speak their ancient dialects. For two girls to undertake such adventures alone seems foolhardy, but the fact of the matter is that they are far safer among these natives than they would be along many of the streets of our biggest metropolises. While on these relic-collecting expeditions, Toby and Angela vie with one another to see who will find the most valuable artifacts (all of which, incidentally, are turned over to the Mexican Government). This contest provides that the one finding the most valuable piece can expect a 12-course meal from the other.





Thirty seconds later the bedroom door opened and Roland Cartier sized framed in the light from the living room. . . His jaw dropped at the scene before him.





# JET SET BEACH BUM

By Bill Starr

Rekindling the passions of wealthy women, whose husbands had traded diamonds for tender devotion, won for Rick Allen their undying and financially rewarding gratitude—that is, until he attempted to up the ante for his ebullient services.

"Time for your next lesson, Madame Cartier." Rick Allen threw back the sheet and playfully slapped the ample female curves that protruded into the air beside him.

Ursula Cartier rolled over like a sunbaked teddybear and pursed her lifesaver-shaped mouth. "Encore—so soon? My goodness, Ricky Cher, where do you get your energy?"

"Clean living, dear lady," Rick grinned. "I make it a rule always to be in bed by nine o'clock at night. Of course, it's a little inconvenient when I have to get up and go home later, but the fresh air and exercise is good for me." Rick moved his lean darkly-tanned body against her and dropped his blond head to kiss her ear. His China-blue eyes were set deep in his handsome face and his long limbs still contained the strength and coordination that had once made him a topnotch Navy frogman. That was before he had learned that there was more fun and profit with wealthy but bored wives on vacation.

Ursula snuggled her 160 pounds of pink plumpness against Rick and moaned rapturously as his roving fingers rekindled the passionate fire that had so delightfully consumed her in hours before. "Oh, mon Cher, you're so wonderful," she murmured. "I'll just die when I have to leave you and go back to Paris."

Rick stared absently across the plush bedroom. Beyond the window, whitecaps rolled in from the dark

Mediterranean like the lacy hem of a black petticoat. This section of the Riviera was thick with luxury hotels, and Rick had been inside many of their rooms, under circumstances similar to this evening's. "Don't give up hope, sweetheart," he said. "Maybe I'll go north this summer and look you up."

"Oh, would you?" Ursula shuddered with pleasure. "We could have such wonderful times while Roland is working."

"Sounds great, but I'm not sure I'll be able to make it. It's a pretty expensive trip, you know."

"Don't worry about money," Ursula said disdainfully. "As soon as the bank opens tomorrow I'll see that you have all you want."

Rick smiled to himself. He doubted that he would ever have all the money he wanted, but what he got from Ursula would help. He kissed her again and started to shift their lovemaking into a more accelerated tempo. Suddenly there was a sound of a door opening in the living room of Ursula's suite and she went rigid in his arms. "*Mon Dieu!* It must be Roland," she gasped.

Rick's spine felt like a roller-coaster for a train of cold chills. "Your husband? But you said he wouldn't be here until tomorrow night!"

"He must have finished his work early. Quick put on your clothes!"

"What clothes?" Rick stared dumbly at the two bathing suits draped over the foot of the bed. They had come straight up from the hotel swimming pool.

"Well, do something!" Ursula urged. "Go out the window."

"We're six stories up!" He leaped out of bed and grabbed his trunks and tossed her bikini to her. "Put it on. We'll have to bluff our way out of this."

Thirty seconds later the bedroom door opened and Roland Cartier stood framed in the light from the living room. He was a short, stout man whose melon-shaped head seemed about to burst through its shiny covering of skin. His jaw dropped at the scene before him. Rick stood in front of Ursula chanting, "One-two-three-four, one-two-three-four!" while Ursula swung her

arms like a windmill. She stopped and smiled brightly at her husband. "Mais, Roland, what a pleasant surprise. I didn't expect you so soon."

"Obviously not," Roland said coldly. "May I ask what this is all about? Who is this young man?"

"This is Mr. Allen, my swimming teacher," Ursula replied. "You've always said I should take up a hobby."

"Swimming lessons at ten o'clock in the evening?" Roland demanded.

"I have a tight schedule," Rick said.

Roland's gaze went from Rick's near-nakedness to the unmade bed and back. "I don't doubt that. Now look here, Ursula . . ."

"Roland, darling, I can't find the vermouth," a lilting feminine voice called from behind Roland. "How can I make martinis without—oh, excuse me!" A stunning redhead came into view beside Roland. At the sight of Rick and Ursula she clapped a hand over her full red mouth and backed away.

Ursula's eyes flashed angry sparks. "And who is this creature?" she inquired with righteous indignation.

A crimson flush started at Roland's collar and worked its way up. When it reached his bald head it looked like a Mediterranean sunset. "Well, uh, er, this is Sally. I mean Miss Pruett, my new secretary. I brought her along to help me with some unfinished business from the office."

"Yes, I can imagine what that unfinished business was," Ursula snapped. "Oh, Roland, how could you?"

"Well, after all, you said on the telephone today that you were spending the night with friends."

"Oh? And so you thought that you could turn this suite into your playground while I was gone?"

"Now wait a minute!" Roland shouted. "You were the one who brought this . . . this undersized Tarzan in to give you, what did you call it—swimming lessons?"

"Don't you dare use that tone of voice on me!" Ursula screamed. "You . . . you bald-headed old lecher!" She snatched up a jar of cold cream from her dressing table and hurled it at Roland.

Rick edged his way to the door.

"I hate to get involved in family arguments, folks," he said. "So if you'll excuse me I'll be running along."

"Me, too," Sally said. She grabbed her mink coat from the sofa and ran to the front door, nearly tripping over her high heels. As she and Rick went out together, Roland and Ursula were too busy hollering and throwing things to say good-by.

Safe in the self-service elevator, Rick and Sally looked at each other and burst into laughter. "Boy, that was a close one," Rick said when he had regained control of himself.

"You said it," Sally agreed. "I haven't been so scared since the time I applied for a job and the boss actually asked if I could type. You think one of them might kill the other?"

"I hope not. I've got too much time invested in Ursula to lose out before I can collect the big prize." He eyed Sally narrowly. "And that reminds me—what's the idea of cutting in on my territory? Every buck you squeeze out of Roland makes that much less that Ursula can pass on to me."

"What do you mean—your territory?" Sally protested. "I've been working on that old slob for months. Anyway you have nothing to worry about. I happen to know that Monsieur and Madame Cartier are so well fixed that there's plenty for both of us."

"Yeah?" Rick gave her an interested once-over. Her face and figure were not better than those of most beautiful girls he had known. But there was a strong sensual magnetism about her that perfume manufacturers had been trying to bottle for centuries.

"How about dropping over to my place for a drink?" he asked. "We can discuss the Cartiers and maybe come up with some useful ideas."

Sally returned Rick's interest as she studied his manly features. "I could use a drink," she said with a horizontal look in her green eyes. "And maybe you could give me some of your, uh, swimming lessons."

"I always keep a pool handy for sudden requests like this," he said.

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# A BARE WITH THE LION'S SHARE

Although a hereditary line is not carried by a female, Laverne likes to boast that she comes from a distinguished family whose bloodline courses through her veins. Lions are the main symbol of her noble antecedents.



Three lions appear on the escutcheon of her distinguished line. The king of beasts represents the regal invincibility of the men of her family. "We can trace our line back to William the Conqueror of England," Laverne declares. Because of the nobility of her lineage, she envies her two brothers, and wishes she could have been a boy.







Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot are shown during a climactic scene in film *King Kong*.

## BEAUTY AND THE MOVIE BEASTS

Greatest of screaming meenies was Fay Wray, who added boxoffice to each of the horror movies in which she appeared./By George Bates

Although her face, her figure and above all her voice have long been absent from the movie screens, articulate film goesers of a certain age still like to dwell upon her performances with the fond nostalgia usually reserved for old moerschaum pipes, favored dry files or singularly attractive and generous former mistresses.

These are fans of a highly specialized and sophisticated category, men and women of discriminating taste in their particulate type of heroine, now mellowed save in the razor-sharp edge of their critical discernment. Like baseball fans of various generations, for whom there is just one Ty Cobb, one Babe Ruth or one Joe DiMaggio . . . for them there is but one super star in film-dom.

They are worshippers of the horror chillers turned out by Hollywood when Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were in fine, fetid flower, and for

them there is only one Fay Wray.

Her name is never mentioned by the self-called critics and social analysts who gather to judge at the so-called "festivals" during which this or that category of old movie is displayed. She was never nominated for a single Oscar, and her beauty was that of the relatively humble rose amongst the flamboyant orchids of Hollywood's beauty quendum.

As stated, her fans are (and ever were) of a highly specialized sort. Their requirements, while exigent in the extreme, were not the requirements of the movie audience at large . . . and Fay fulfilled them with a perfection unmatched by any other actress before or since.

Fay Wray was the greatest monster movie heroine who ever trod the concrete floor of a major Hollywood studio sound stage.

Her features were so designed that she could express horror with utter

conviction, yet still manage to look entrancingly beautiful. Her trimly feminine torso seemed custom constructed to fit into the giant clasp of some hideous outsized creature from the primeval slime, bent on bestial satisfaction.

Her voice was gentle and of pleasant middle-register timbre . . . until she lifted it in a scream of unendurable terror that sent chills racing up the collective back of millions. From the early talkies to the latest grue-brew about the magma creatures of some unimaginable space-age planetoid, nobody could scream like Fay Wray.

Her fans still shudder happily in their slumber when the Wray ululation climaxes their happier dreams of happier times, when horror movies were horror movies and not mere sausage factory jobs turned out by quickie studios.

Just as Johnny Weissmuller's Tarzan yell has never been equalled, ditto Fay's scream. Like Weissmuller's howl, which has long since been taped and employed sedulously by the producers of latter-day Tarzan films starring lesser apo-men, Fay's scream, similarly safe on tape, has been employed by subsequent horror film producers to give the screams of less gifted monster victims more pazzazz. Yes, Fay was the queen of all the screaming meenies.

The horror movie has been an important if relatively unsung element in American film development from the days of the early serials, whose weekly episodes invariably concluded with the heroine in a jam from which she could not possibly escape, yet from which she emerged miraculously unscathed at the start of each new installment.

Naturally, this sort of action demanded a great deal of expert screaming on the part of the heroines involved . . . and some of them must have been adept at the art. After all, Pearl White and Ruth Roland are listed among the movie immortals, although the names, faces and figures of such once-famed meenies of the horror serial as Arlene Pretty, Helen Gibson, Marguerite

Snow, Allene Ray, Juanita Hansen and Carol Holloway have been long since forgotten.

Yet, because they performed suitably or exclusively for the silent medium, their relative expertise as screamers will never be known . . . for the simple reason that they never were recorded.

In non-serials of the silent days, who can forget the sheer horror of pretty Mary Philbin's face as she recovered consciousness in the grotto hideout of the *Phantom of the Opera* and was confronted by the unmasked horror of the phantom's face?

Surely that countenance, more fleshless skull than face, was among Lon Chaney's most diabolically effective terror-makers. And surely the luscious Miss Philbin's scream of terror must have been one of the loudest and most effective that was never recorded.

We shall never know, just as we shall never know how well and truly Faisy Ruth Miller screamed when snatched up by Chaney while playing the title role of the non-talkie version of Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

But post-silent Hollywood need not hang its toupéed head in shame over the screaming merits of its heroines when confronted with the

unspeakable, the unthinkable, the unbearable.

Blonde Helen Chandler let go with some pretty good yelps when Bela Lugosi, in the original film version of *Dracula*, went in or out of his bat metamorphosis or began nuzzling her lily-white neck a trifle too sharply. In the late forties, a quartet of beautiful and more or less talented leading ladies did yeoman service in a whole slew of B-pictures that featured various sorts of inhuman menace.

Their names were Eva Gabor, Kay Linaker, Jayne Meadows and Audrey Long, and all have prospered since in varying degree.

Miss Gabor, of course, has become the incongruously well



A deadly vampire is Bela Lugosi in *Dracula*. His victim: Helen Chandler.

teris, creator of *The Saint*, no mean matador of horrid creatures in his own fictional right.

In a somewhat different facet of this specialized trade, the late Joan Davis proved herself a splendid screamer in baroque horror films with Abbott and Costello and other gagmasters. But Miss Davis was by profession more clown than heroine, hence fails by definition to fit the screaming meemie measurements as a horror-beleaguered heroine.

Finally, ever since she co-starred with a notable monster in *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, svelte, dark and luscious Julie Adams has revealed herself on many occasions to be cut true from the fabric of which meemies are made.

A good screamer, as well . . . but, alas, no Fay Wray, whose like, her fans feel, will never again grace a movie or television screen, to say nothing of its sound track.

It is a well-founded foundation stone of the horror film credo that the battered heroine should be of sufficient albat, even when screaming her head off, to inspire love in the warped brain and twisted arteries of the monster who holds her captive.

If his seizure of her person is not inspired by the dim awakening of something akin to romantic love

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King Kong tussles with one of those pesky predeceasyls while Fay cowers.



A master of makeup, Lon Chaney here is seen as *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

groomed heroine of the successful television comedy series, *Green Acres*, opposite Eddie Albert. Miss Linaker married handsome, ex-singer, screen-writer and novelist Howard Phillips and is raising a brood of children by him. Miss Meadows has gone on to greater fame as the wife of TV celebrity Steve Allen, and has become a successful personality in her own right.

This leaves Miss Long . . . who has somehow managed to retire from the screen into a marriage miraculously fitting to a one-time screaming meemie. She is the long-time fourth wife of none other than Leslie Char-



Her Toot  
is Sweet





The jolly well has to sustain a long note to get it through the horn," muses Cynthia, an English miss who enjoys nothing more than going on a fool. She is one of a group of lasses who make up a girls' riding band that performs in historical pageants throughout the British Isles during the summer festival season. The horn that Cynthia plays usually has a banner hanging from it. She herself is, when the band is playing, dressed in the splendid uniform of a medieval regiment dating back to Henry VIII.







Asked what the proper name is for her trumpet, Cynthia exclaims, "Actually, it is nothing more than a bugle before it was bent." She goes to some lengths to explain that it is purposely not bent so that the notes that it emits are much clearer than they would be winding around the tubing in a bugle. The band to which Cynthia belongs starts its tour in the South of England, in London, at the British Industries Fair in April, and continues all the way into September, when it goes to Braemar, Scotland, for the Royal Braemar Gathering of the Clans.



## 8 THE HARD WAY —TWO AGAINST SIX

By Matt Latimer

Their plan to set up the Las Vegas casinos for a killing was working beautifully, with scientific precision—until it ran into a very unscientific show girl with a special assignment.

Ed Martin looked about him at the five men, a smile slowly forming on his handsome face. He was a distinguished-looking man, graying, intelligent appearing. He looked like an executive or a scientist—which he was.

He had reason to smile. Everything was set for the big killing.

"All right," he said briskly. "Let's go over it for the last time. We wait until all six of us are at the table. The more crowded it is, the better.

The spring door is the  
doorway down open  
tangled and tangled  
Lolita: For King and  
John, Morgan, and  
Morgan, and the  
Morgan, and the  
Morgan.



Joe—" he looked soberly at the youngest of the group, Joe Davis, "you've got the dice. They are all exact duplicates of the house dice. Nobody can tell them. I've tested them at every table for over a week.

"I'll handle the electronic device controlling the dice. I'll be making small bets, so I can concentrate on the machine. The rest of you lay it on. You all know how to get the most action allowable.

"Remember, Joe, it all depends on you. Throw eleven the first two times; then a four and a ten; two more elevens, a five and a nine. For your last throw, toss a seven. Then we leave the table, one at a time. I'll leave right after you, Joe. The rest of you make a few bets, then fade out."

The men nodded as Ed Martin rose.

"See you at the table, about nine."

They left quietly. Joe Davis headed for the bar in the casino proper, glad that he wasn't nervous. He wanted a drink, but knew he didn't dare risk it. There was too much riding on the night's play. His hands had to be dextrous and supple to make the several switches of the dice.

Jan would be his sedative. She had been for the three weeks they had been setting up the killing. He hated to leave her. As he searched the lounge and bar for her, he suddenly wondered why he had to. Why not take her along when they left town? He'd have a beautiful stake—over three grand. And, after things had cooled, Martin and the others planned to get together and work the same deal in Reno and Lake Tahoe, then if it still wasn't discovered, a few other smaller Nevada towns.

She came over to him, smiling. They sat at a small table and he ordered coffee. She was off duty, and ordered a martini.

Jan was the show girl type; slender, beautiful. Joe hated to see her eyes when he told her that tomorrow he would be leaving. She had taken the bit seriously and he wasn't very sure now that he hadn't been hit pretty hard by the affair.

She was a cocktail waitress, assigned to seeing that the gamblers at

the card, roulette and craps tables were kept supplied with drinks—on the house. Joe smiled to himself as he recalled how they had met. He'd been practicing the switching of dice in preparation for the big steal, and she had asked him several times if he cared for a drink.

After the third day, she had said laughingly, "Isn't there anything I could bring you?" To which he had replied, "Yes, but not at the craps table." He had really looked at her for the first time then, and had cursed himself for not paying better attention. She was a living doll, and something in her eyes told him that there could be something between them.

And there had been, but not the sexy scenes that Joe had envisioned. For the first time in his life, he had gone for the walks in the desert; the rides in the moonlight; a trip to Lake Mead; a quiet cocktail in a dim corner of a lounge. He had wanted her, while at the same time, he hadn't wanted her to surrender. It was as if a big dream would dissolve, if she gave in to him.

But—it was getting late, he thought with a sigh. If it were to ever be, it had to be tonight, or forget it.

"Can we talk?" Joe asked quickly, taking her hands in his. "In my room or yours?"

She searched his face, noting the anxiety he felt. She nodded in sudden good humor. "Mine." He followed her out, admiring the curve of her hips and her long, shapely legs.

In her room, he flopped casually into an easy chair. She came to him and bent over and kissed him. "I've got some bad news," he said, trying to keep it light. "I have to leave tomorrow."

Jan nodded without a show of surprise. Then she floored him with her next statement.

"You can't get away with it, Joe."

He looked blankly up at her. "The casino management, the special house police, the Nevada police—they all know what you and Ed Martin and the rest are planning. The only thing they don't know is when, but you won't get beyond three passes before they arrest you. You

could—even be killed, if anyone resists or tries to run."

There was a sadness in her face that almost made him angry. But he suddenly realized that his anger was at the fact that he and the rest had been found out and were being allowed to walk into a trap.

"How did you know?" Joe asked, tight-mouthed.

She shrugged. "I work for the place as a special investigator."

"How long have you known?"

"A week, for certain. Martin's room was bagged long before he ever checked in. Didn't you know that he's been spied on ever since he left the Bahamas? His background has been checked with a spotlight. It was easy to figure—an electronic genius like him suddenly quits a fine job and begins to hit all the big gambling spots? And, he has also talked to a few that he trusted, about his electronic gimmick to control those specially loaded dice. Right now, we know every move that will be made. We can spot it the moment the plan goes into effect. Don't you see?"

She grabbed his hand impulsively.

"Oh, Joe, get out. Now, while you can. You haven't done anything yet. There's still time. Please—for me."

Joe stood up and paced. He turned on her in sudden rage. "If you know so much about the operation, you can also figure what would happen to me if I backed out now. The others in this deal aren't fooling. It's the big kill. If it doesn't come off, then I, or anybody else that fouls it up, becomes the target."

"Then warn them!" Jan pleaded. "Joe, Joe—I didn't intend this to happen, but I only care about you—alive and free."

Joe's mind was racing. She was right. He couldn't win, either way. The only answer was to run. But there wasn't anyplace to hide, if he crossed Martin and the gang.

He shook his head in confusion. Jan came close, putting her arms around him, flattening her luscious body against his. When her kiss sent flames into his brain, Joe didn't care much about anything. Before he knew it, they were undressing one

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# DISCIPLINED DOLLS WITH DARING

Being of Teutonic ancestry, Hans von Schlagelmeir likes everything in order, neat as a pin and disciplined, which is why he likes his photographic models to share his passion for order.









The perky potpourri of pulchritudinous pussycats shown on these pages is from the von Schlagelmeir collection, portions of which are rarely to be seen in a general publication. These girls are von Schlagelmeir's own favorites because, in each instance, the pose reveals the control and discipline which he feels is the quintessence of beauty in a woman. He is quite emphatic on this point, and will argue all night long to sustain it.





Through an interpreter, von Schlagelmeir was reported to have said to a reporter, "The very symmetry of a woman's physical lines is made harmonious through order and discipline." Most of the girls in this set were shot during a recent trip to the United States when von Schlagelmeir was asked to address a fraternal organization of transplanted Teutons.





During Mardi Gras, chanting crowds cheer floats in fun-loving New Orleans.

## THE SPICIEST CITY IN THE WORLD

Like a saucy, tantalizing coquette, New Orleans is a mischievous city where fun is pursued with wild abandonment./By Phillip Knight

People who've been to New Orleans tend to base their ideas of it on Edna Ferber's "Show Boat." They picture it as supremely colorful and romantic, rich in historical associations and old-world charm.

When they get there, the reality doesn't disappoint. The color and romance are still there, even if they are a trifle jaded and frayed at the edges. "New Orleans," declares Earl Gibson, columnist and world traveler, "is like a fallen woman who still fascinates"; and many seem to find her the more fascinating for this very reason. She isn't young and innocent anymore, but she's still beautiful and desirable in spite of (or maybe because of) the wrinkles of maturity and worldliness she's acquired.

The Mecca of all tourists, of course, is the French Quarter—those ninety square blocks that form the city's historical heart and honky-

tonk haven. Things maybe aren't quite as colorful as when buccaneers ran amok in its narrow streets or when Luis White ran her celebrated establishment on Basin Street, but there's still plenty to interest and divert the curious and the thrill seekers.

The French Quarter is a mixture of many things: the women who have made it famous; the restaurants famous for good food (and high prices); and the jazz, still beating into the night.

It is also a mixture of many people. Over the years, the Creoles—descendants of the original French and Spanish settlers—were joined by Negroes, Cajuns (Frenchmen who came down to the bayou country when Britain forced them out of Nova Scotia) and Italians.

of nationalities was a new, exotically beautiful female breed that earned New Orleans the reputation for possessing "the loveliest women on earth"—a reputation it still enjoys. With the blood of several races flowing in her veins, the girl born and bred in the French Quarter displayed a blend of European sophistication and Creole passion, refinement and sensuality, ice and fire, that rendered her irresistible to men. Her often aristocratic, sensitive features contrasted excitingly with her full, seductively graceful body that was anything but daintily Parisian in origin.

The beautiful girls of New Orleans are still there today, with their sable satin skins, luscious lips, dark eyes and breathtaking figures, for anyone with eyes to appreciate their unique brand of charm.

One reminder of the Quarter's colorful history is in a large house that stands on a quiet turning off Bourbon Street. A century ago in the ballroom there, the wealthy young heirs to local plantations dallied with gorgeous quadroon girls who were raised from birth to become the most elegant and accomplished of illicit charmers. Now, ironically, the house is occupied by nuns.

By day "Le Vieux Carré" displays its quieter moods. Natives of the Quarter rock languidly on verandahs framed by intricate ironwork, or shop in the French Market after a refresher of coffee and doughnuts at the "Morning Call." Tourists stroll leisurely through the antique shops and art galleries. At such times the French Quarter seems like a world apart, sun-soaked, cosmopolitan and drowsily peaceful.

By night, however, a loud and flashy show business blares a new Dixieland beat into the night. The peddlers of racemattaz and the exponents of commercialization have added a new chrome gilding to the fading elegance of the beautifully wrought ironwork—although, more often than not, the jazz comes as diluted as the whiskey.

For those who like their palates tickled, there's Antoine's, considered a must by gourmets when in New Orleans. Creamed oyster omelettes, tripe stew and gumbo (a delectable mixture of soup and stew) are three

One result of this melting pot



Rex King waves his scepter, the symbol of his office, over the heads of his merry-making subjects as Mardi Gras reaches climax.



In the crush of the crowds, both indoors and outside, complete strangers meet and embrace in a spirit of fun and merriment.

of the city's most celebrated dishes.

Other equally celebrated dishes are those found along Bourbon Street, with names like Wild Cherry, Blaise Storm and Jada, the "World's Spiciest Exotic." The street has an undeniably tawdry appeal with its flamboyant awnings and numerous strip-tease clubs, and the bumps and grinds somehow seem a little tired or automatic nowadays as compared with burlesque's heyday, but the club owners and dancers, in the best tradition of American show business, still see to it that the customers get value for their money.

The Quarter unabashedly gears its entertainment—off-color ditties, burlesque gyrations to sensual rhythms, and B-girls—to the streams of college students, conventioners and servicemen who crowd into it nightly. And if things don't get quite as way-out as in the lusty days of the Basin Street era, censorship is seldom a problem in the Quarter. Once in a while a small, noisy re-

form movement springs to life and the strippers tack a few more sequins onto their abbreviated wardrobes until the fuss has died down—then it's back to business as usual.

Adding further spice to Bourbon Street is Loni's Lingerie Shop. Here the tourist can purchase a memento for his wife or girlfriend in the form of a "ye olde chastity belt," a set of mink or diamond garters, or a pair of black lace panties with appliqued red satin hearts and the embroidered admonition, "Hands Off!"

While New Orleans, "the land of dreams," may not be able to claim credit for originating the fine art of stripping, it was the New Orleans Negro who gave the world that other uniquely native art form—jazz. It was on Beauregard Square, formerly Congo Square, where on Sundays African toms-tom rhythms could be heard, predating even the birth of jazz itself.

Jazz, it seems, really began at funerals. Self-taught musicians using largely homemade instruments paraded behind the hearse, playing a

lowdown, sorrowful blues, but on the way home from the cemetery hit livelier tempos: "When the Saints Go Marchin' In," and "Oh, Didn't He Ramble."

As with its gumbo and its girls, a bit of everything went into the origins of New Orleans jazz: French quadrilles, Italian arias, African voodoo toms-toms and gospel songs. But the giants who gave it vitality—Bunk Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver and Louis Armstrong—are either dead or long departed from the Crescent City, leaving only a few oldtimers to stomp out "Canal Street Blues" or "High Society" with anything approaching authenticity. Today, one is apt to encounter noise as often as blues in New Orleans.

No one, though, can really claim to know New Orleans unless he has been there in Mardi Gras. The origins of the celebration are lost in antiquity, but there are good

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# PETS in a PICTURE GALLERY





The pictures of faraway places were at a travel agency office to which Gladys, Bettina and Babs had repaired for the purpose of making arrangements to spend their two-week vacation in Hawaii.



When they got to the office, the agent excused himself, saying he had to go to the bank. While they waited for him to return, the girls amused themselves in a manner as seen here on these pages.







# A BUNDLE for JOY



Nothing gives Joy more joy than a bundle of moola. One of her most sought-after thrills is the counting of her money. Her bundle to date is something over ten thousand dollars, but to have that kind of cash around the house is a bit risky, considering all the burglarizing that is going on in her native Boston. So, she keeps it safely stashed in the bank. But when Joy deposits any money to her savings account, she gets a corresponding amount of "stage" money to take home with her. "Not only is it nice to look at," Joy confesses, "but it's evidence of my wealth."





Joy's "stage" money is also useful for poker games, which she plays once a week with girls from her office. The games are all conducted in the spirit of fun, and no one gets hurt financially. "I'm sorry we don't play for real money," Joy muses, "because if we did, I'd be worth a fortune." The large denominations in her collection of "stage" money represent her winnings.







## The Secret Memoirs of an Improper Victorian



JET SET BEACH BUM  
(continued from page 12)

slipping an arm around her waist.

In the Cartier suite Ursula had exhausted her throwing arm and contented herself with holding her face about an inch from Roland's and screaming at the top of her voice. Roland shouted back until his voice gave out. Then he stomped around the bedroom, angrily kicking the furniture and waiting for her to run down. "I've never been so insulted in my life," she wailed. "I've given you the best years of my life!"

"If those were the best, I'd hate to have gotten the worst," Roland growled.

"But how could you even look at another woman, let alone bring her here?" she insisted. "Haven't I been a good wife to you?"

"Yes, good and dull. With the cold treatment you give me is it any wonder that I should find comfort elsewhere?"

"Rick doesn't think I'm cold!"

"Rick and how many others? Tell me, you shameless harlot—how many worthless beach bums have you deceived me with?"

"He, may be a bum, but at least he's a man," Ursula retorted. "He's a man who can make a woman feel loved and wanted, and that's more than you can do."

"You think so, eh?" Roland's nostrils flared. "Just because he struts around like a prize bull, you think that makes him a better man than me? Well, if that's all it takes to make you happy I'm more than willing to give it to you." He tore off his coat and tie and locked the door.

"Roland, what are you doing?" she asked fearfully as he stripped off the rest of his clothing.

"What I should have done long ago, it seems," he said, advancing toward her like a wolf stalking its prey.

Ursula backed away from him. "No, don't touch me! I'll scream for help!"

Roland laughed. "Go ahead. There's no law against a man possessing his wife." He grabbed her and forced her down on the bed, tearing the bikini from her. "Now you'll see how much of a man I am."

"Stop! Don't!" she shrieked. Three minutes later her cry became a pining moan and she reversed the order of the words. "Don't stop," she begged. "Oh, please don't stop!"

And he didn't stop until they both collapsed, wearied but satisfied, in each other's arms. "Darling," Ursula sighed. "I never knew you could be so masterful."

"Nor did I guess that you could be so responsive," he gasped. "Perhaps I was wrong about Rick. Any one who can get a performance like that from a middle-aged matron like you can't be all bad."

"And if Sally can inspire a fat old fool like you to such efforts she must have something on the ball, too."

"Yes, I guess we owe them both a debt of gratitude," Roland decided. "We'll tell them so tomorrow, if you'll promise to give up your swimming lessons. From now on I'm going to be your teacher."

"That suits me," she said. "As long as I'm your only student."

"All right, but you'll have to wait a while for your next lesson."

"If it's as good as the last one I'll wait forever."

"Not that long." He squeezed her arm affectionately.

Rick executed a perfect swan dive from the board and surfaced a few feet from where Sally sat dangling her shapely legs in the water. Like him, she was nude and the starlight gleamed on her milky skin. "Come on in," he coaxed. "The water is like champagne."

Sally shook her lovely head. "We Preetts don't like to get our hair wet. I thought you were joking when you said you had a pool." She looked around at the high brick wall screened with tropical plants and the sliding glass doors in the rear of the house. "Who does all this belong to?"

"A rich widow I used to go with. She left the key with me when she started on a round-the-world tour last month."

"Lucky for me she didn't take you along!" Sally stretched and slipped her martini.



Introduction by Hilary E. Holt, Ph.D.

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"She asked me, but there was too much matrimony in the proposition." Rick hauled himself up on the edge of the pool beside her. "You are like a cat," he whispered. "A great big house cat. And we could wail beautifully together."

Sally raised first her mouth and then his drink to his lips. "I think so, too, sugar. But it takes lots of cream to keep this kitten purring. You got any suggestions?"

"One. But I'm gonna need your inspiration to help me think it out." He pulled her to her feet then lifted her and carried her to a chaise longue a few feet away, where she proceeded to inspire him to the point of exhaustion.

Ursula was wearing a new dress and looked so happy she was almost beautiful when Sally and Rick arrived at the Cartier suite the following morning. Roland grinned like a flustered bridegroom as he fussed around getting them seated and bringing them drinks. "I suppose you're wondering why I called you here," he said in response to Rick's puzzled expression. "I just want to tell you that Ursula and I are grateful to you for showing us how much we love each other. To express our appreciation, we have decided to give each of you five thousand francs, if you will come down to the bank with me now."

"That's mighty big of you," Rick said. "But couldn't you up the figure a little? Say about a hundred thousand?"

Roland laughed. "You must be joking!"

Rick drew a revolver from his pocket. "I've got thirty-eight calibers here that say I'm dead serious, Pop." He waved the gun before Roland's astonished face while Sally moved around to push Ursula back into her chair. "Now you and me are going to walk down to that bank while Sally stays here with a knife at your little woman's throat. If I don't come back with the lettuce you'll need a new rug for this floor, and a new wife. Let's go."

An hour later Rick paused in the bedroom doorway and grinned

at the couple on the bed. They were bound and gagged so securely that they could hardly move. "So long, folks, it's been a business to do pleasure with you," he called just before he closed the door.

"Are you sure they can't get free?" Sally asked as she picked up her mask and purse.

"Don't worry about that. I learned my knot-tying from an old windjammer sailor. The happy couple will stay right on the bed until the maid comes in and finds them tonight." He chuckled. Sally under the chin with one hand and triumphantly held up the paper bag full of money with the other. "We've got it made now, sugar!"

"Then come on," she urged. "Let's put ourselves someplace where we can start enjoying this stuff." She led him to the front door and was about to open it when a loud knock sounded. "Who do you think it can be?" she whispered.

"I don't know. Let's sit tight and maybe he'll go away."

But the knocking grew more forceful until the entire door shuddered. "You'd better open it before he draws a crowd," Sally said. "We can bluff our way out whoever it is."

Rick nodded and opened the door a crack. Instantly it was kicked back into his face and a wild-eyed man plunged into the room, a gun in his hand. Rick started to reach for his own .38 but saw that it was hopeless.

"So you're the great Roland Cartier?" the man snarled. "I warned you on the phone I'd kill you if you didn't leave her alone!"

"Jim, don't!" Sally screamed. "What the—who is this guy?"

Rick spluttered.

"My husband," Sally answered. "But we've been separated for months. Jim listen to me. You're making a mistake."

"Shut up!" the man rasped. "You'll get yours in a minute, as soon as I teach this big shot that there are things that even his money can't buy."

Rick threw up his hands, showing hundred franc notes from the bag. "Wait! I'm not—" But then he found it hard to talk with a bullet in his mouth.



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*chained kitten*



When it was decided that London Bridge was finally to come "falling down," Frieda was selected by a Midwestern city to travel to England, to make an estimate of what the bridge would be worth once it had been torn down. It was an assignment which Frieda accepted with enthusiasm since she has such a fondness for all things British.







One does not generally associate a bridge with a girl having the engaging proportions possessed by a chick like Frieda. Rather, one would be more inclined to think of her in terms of a brick chateau. Nevertheless, having college degree in construction engineering, Frieda has all of the qualifications necessary to make such an estimate. "If we are fortunate in getting the bridge," Frieda reveals, "our city intends to rebuild it as the central theme of our new zoo." Having made the estimate for her community, Frieda is back home waiting to learn if the bid based on her estimate is the winning one. "I hope desperately that my city gets the bridge," she declares.





"Even if we don't get the bid," Frieda continues, "I will certainly visit the city that does, because I will be interested in seeing just how faithfully the bridge is reconstructed." One of the things that fascinated her the most while she was studying the bridge was the enormous chains that help support the main span. "The construction and use of these chains some two hundred years ago represented an engineering feat that was very much ahead of its time," she says.

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## BEAUTY AND THE MOVIE BEASTS

(continued from page 17)

in his addled cerebellum, even if his maltreatment is inspired by the bitterest vengeance or the cruelest lust, the embers of pure adoration must be warmed to life in his calloused heart by her ineffable appeal when helpless in his grip.

No true horror film that lacked this oddball motivation has ever amounted to a hill of beans at the box office... and if there was anything Fay Wray could do better than scream for help, it was this necessary arousal of tenderness in the unsentimental brute who held her captive.

In the case of King Kong, she was even able to fan the embers in a mechanical ape of monstrous size and minus soul or heart save those of his technician operators... which must constitute some sort of record.

Yet who could view Fay's tiny struggling, screaming or fainted figure, held like a doll in the super-ape's vast paw, who could not watch the wondrous change, the softening, that overcame Kong's bestial mechanical features as he looked down at his prize and fell in love with it... who could see these marvels on the screen and not believe?

In the early talkie, technicolor version of *Murders in the Wax Museum* (1933), Fay even won the love of a human monster played by the late Lionel Atwill... which some cynics place on a plane even higher than her achievement in melting the non-existent heart of King Kong.

Fay's qualifications for such highly specialized success do not seem in themselves remarkable... yet, in toto, they made her the all-time champion of a highly competitive tribe of performers.

A native Los Angeles girl, she was one of the long procession of kids, from Mary Miles Minter to Stephanie Powers, who went right out of high school into screen stardom.

No outstanding beauty, she had a pretty face that was somewhere between the exotic appeal of Gloria Swanson and the non-exotic attractiveness of Maureen O'Sullivan. Like them, too, she was small, with a figure that ran more to feminine trimness than mammalian ex-



Even though she played only in the old "silents," Fay Wray was a screamer.

berance. An exceedingly attractive if not a remarkably beautiful young lady...

Her personality was pleasant, and she was a most intelligent girl. Without great native talent, she became an excellent actress through hard work and by listening to good direction.

She had a thing about writers. Her first husband was gifted, good looking John Monk Saunders and in the years immediately before World War Two she had a much publicized friendship with Nobel Prize-winning novelist Sinclair Lewis, starring in various stage tryouts of the dramatic version of Lewis's best-selling *It Can't Happen Here*.

She has long since retired and shunned publicity... in all, she comes through as a very fine female, woman and lady both.

Just what it was in this compendium of likable but unremarkable qualities that made Fay Wray the queen of the meemies has long proved a puzzle to those who concern themselves with such odd alleys in the hodgepodge history of the movies.

But Queen of the Screaming Meemies she was. Look for one of her old films on the late show, and when you find and watch it, you'll discover why...





another and for the next half hour the world retreated and left them alone on a very special cloud.

Later, when he was dressed, Jan said: "The problem is still there, Joe. Please, get out now. Warn the others, if you want to, but get out."

He paused, tie in hand. "What about you?"

"No one will know I tipped you off. Besides—" she added brightly, "that's all the owners really want—to avoid being clipped. They don't like the bad publicity that the arrest would bring, and surely not a violent scene in the casino."

She made sense. "O.K., doll!" he said in a sudden enthusiasm, "let's go, I've got five grand that I was supposed to use in the game. If you'll take a chance, we'll do it your way. But only if you go with me. I'll leave a note warning Martin. I guess the warning ought to be worth the dough I'll be taking."

As she came into his arms, still half-nude, he felt as if the whole world had been lifted from his shoulders.

They sprang apart as the door was thrown open to reveal a cold-eyed Martin, backed by Tad Myers and Jack Morgan, guns in hand, standing in the doorway. They came in quickly, closing the door.

"That room-bugging deal works a lot of ways, baby," Martin said coolly. He walked to Jan and slapped her hard across the face. As Joe tensed, Tad Myers moved his hand so the automatic was aimed at his head. "Cool it!" Myers spat at him.

"And you, Joe—" Martin said mockingly, "were the stupidest of all. Did you think I would set up without a couple of guys on the inside helping me? I've known who this dame was since we got here—and all the other snoopers. But in telling you about the plan, Joe, I left out one little detail—just in case you chickened out. You see, for added insurance, I've got two men you don't even know, stationed right behind the pit boss and the stickman, with a little reminder that if they make a funny move, they're dead. And—" his mouth twisted in an evil grin, "seeing you and the dame here are so cozy, we'll just have to have Marty Jacarino keep her here, while you carry out your part of the bargain. Now—let's go."

Joe looked helplessly at Jan. While she dressed, Martin made a phone call and Marty showed up. As they left, Joe caught a glimpse of Jan's ugly grin as he waved Jan to the bed, menacing her with a knife.

"You can't get away with it, Martin," Joe said unconvincedly.

"Don't bet on it," Martin said evenly. "Save your betting for the table."

It was twenty minutes past nine before the gang had stationed themselves about the table. Five other nondescript players were at the table when two men materialized from the crowd and stepped behind the stickman and the pit boss. They warned them in soft voices not to move, and both gamblers obeyed.

Joe was nervous. He searched desperately for a way out. But it was too late. The stickman shoved the dice in front of him, saying, "Next shooter." Joe chose two from the five offered and quickly made the switch. The others placed the limit bet on the pass line, on the field, and each bet \$200 on an eleven, which paid fifteen to one, if it were thrown on the first roll.

In a partial daze at the swift turn of events and the danger in which he and Jan now found themselves, Joe tossed the dice against the far board of the table. He knew that Martin, standing opposite him, was operating the electronic device to bring up an eleven.

"Ten! The hard ten. Ten the point," the stickman droned. "Bet the hard way; bet the come; take the odds."

Joe felt an electric shock go through him. Martin's eyes were like ice, while the others merely looked astounded. Joe had switched the wrong pair of dice in his fearful excitement. He looked almost apologetic as he met Martin's cold stare.

Then suddenly, beyond Martin, he saw Jan's face, frightened, yet somehow consoling. He knew instantly that if she were free, then help must be close at hand.

The appearance of the ten instead of the eleven they expected on the dice had disconcerted the Martin gang. Suddenly, the five men at the table with them snapped into

(continued on page 56)



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But a lip-smacking session with Pamela's barbecued spare ribs, for example, would be enough to convince any doubters that she is the best in the West. Not only does she put a passel of grub together that could have an army crawling on its belly, but she's a "looker" who likes to dress up for the part (and get that very same army on the run).





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## TWO AGAINST SIX

(continued from page 51)

life. At the same instant, two men stepped up behind the gunman threatening the pit boss and the stickman, jamming guns hard against their necks.

The five players flashed guns and covered the Martin crew as uniformed guards grabbed Martin as he attempted to turn and run. Joe found himself staring into the muzzle of a .38, but somehow, it didn't seem so bad. At least, Jan was safe.

Later, in a private room in the Sheriff's office, Joe was met by Jan and one of the casino managers. She ran to his arms, half-crying with joy.

"Oh, Joe—oh, Joe—" she gasped.

He didn't know why she wanted to carry it any further. She had done her job. Or—did he dare believe her? Had she—could she have meant what she had said in her room?

"We know your part in this, Davis," the casino manager said. "We also know that you intended to get out. You see, Jan's room was literally alive with electronic devices. The phone was also piped directly into the office of the security officers. You didn't have a chance, just as she told you. Neither did that tag they sent to hold Jan prisoner."

"Now, I can't guarantee anything, but if you are willing to testify against the others, the courts might be inclined to be less severe with you. You'll be tried for conspiracy, but I believe it will be considered that you actually participated under duress, as you believed both your life and that of this young lady were in danger. How about it?"

Jan had pulled back, peering intently and anxiously into his eyes. He looked at her gently. "It might be awful, honey," Joe said.

"I'll wait," she said, sealing the promise with a kiss.

"Mister," Joe grinned over her shoulder as he hugged her, "you've got a deal."

"I think that's smart," the manager said. "You have no criminal record. I feel your sentence will be light."

Jan turned and smiled at him. "Not the one that I'm going to give him," she said. "That will be for life."



## MALE CALL

### BATTLE CRY

I am a member of a private businessmen's social club which has recently been plagued by a drive to admit wives of members onto our traditionally "males-only" premises. Many of our members (including some of the officers) were nearly henpecked into supporting the women's goals. However, we males banded together and, in a vigorous demonstration of our united fortitude, voted the measure down. What's more, we passed a resolution to the effect that no such measure may ever again be brought to a vote. The women are complaining bitterly, but so far we are holding our ground. I think this is worth at least a couple of points on Lyle Chambers' "Scoreboard."

—P. W. Milwaukee

### NEW PERSPECTIVE

Many of the articles I've read in HIGH TIME have given me food for thought, but "Sex Queens—America's Royalty" by Art Marvin was a real banquet. This was definitely the most brilliantly written, eye-opening article about women that I have ever read.

I would never have believed that a woman's flaws rather than her perfect qualities were the real key to her attractiveness. However, I have gone over Marvin's arguments very carefully, and he checks out correctly on every point.

This article has given me a whole new perspective on girl watching, and made my life a lot more interesting. Please accept my really profound appreciation, and keep up the good work!

A. S. M / Los Angeles

### COURAGE

I admire you guys for having the guts to print that letter from K. B. T. of Buffalo. Some magazines have just thrown it away, I'm sure. But, by printing it, you showed the world just how idiotic some of your critics are. Congratulations.

L. G./Tucson



One of New Orleans' most famous sons is Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, shown here during a recent Bob Hope special on television, "The Best on Record."

reasons for believing it is a more or less direct descendant of the old pre-Christian pagan festivals such as Rome's Saturnalia, and the later, medieval Florence Carnival, the Feast of Fools, Fasching, etc.—times of feast and frolic that preceded the fast. The Christian Church did not forget its pagan festivals. The word "carnival" itself comes from two Latin words, "Carne" and "Vale," farewell to meat; and the New Orleans carnival starting with the Twelfth Night Ball on January 6 ends with a rip-roaring climax in "Mardi-Gras"—literally Fat Tuesday, the day before Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the forty days of Lenten fasting.

Thus Mardi Gras, conceived in pagan Rome, spread throughout Europe, invaded Paris—the whole city used to turn out on Shrove Tuesday with music, dancing, costumes and wild revelry—and crossed the ocean to France's possession, New Orleans. By then it had a full head of steam, and the ebullient Creole citizens of the new Montmartre injected their own special brand of hot spice into the proceedings.

The first recorded Mardi Gras public celebration in New Orleans took place in 1827. At a spontaneous signal one night, the city's lid blew off, and revellers chased

through the streets of "Le Vieux Carré," shouting, dancing, banging on pans with iron spoons, blowing horns, and generally giving vent to their native exuberance. The dignified citizens at first looked on in shocked disbelief, but one by one allowed themselves to be led into the dancing circles, until they too were infected with the delirious spirit of the night.

Nothing could stop Mardi Gras after that. In 1833 the first organized Mardi Gras was recorded; in 1837 came the first Mardi Gras parade with floats.

As at all periods of organized hijinks or revelry, such as Munich's Fasching, when the public authorities turn a lenient eye upon behavior that at other times would be considered indecorous, Mardi Gras is frequently the occasion for some unabashedly carefree frolicking between the sexes; one of the essential ideas behind any carnival being that what is done during carnival time "does not count," does not go down on the record.

Which could possibly be one reason for the healthy, happy spirit of *joie de vivre* so noticeable among the denizens of New Orleans—and also why they reportedly spend Lent resting up for the next Mardi Gras celebration!



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# SHE'S A MINORITY WHIP

In the language of politics, blonde Sandra is a minority whip in the sorority to which she and Brenda belong. The sorority is named Delta Phi Delta and is a club for girls specializing in political science. Many of these gals hope to work their way up through the ranks of both political parties and, hopefully, to run for public office some day. Who knows, maybe one of them will even become President.







If Sandra and Brenda are representative of the girls who belong to this club, then we must admit that in this particular case the body politic is really in shape. All of this silly foolishness with the whip and the simulated bondage is just part of the girls' sorority initiation and is played largely for the laughs it gets. Most of the initiation, however, is given over to a party to which men are invited for food, drinks and dancing.





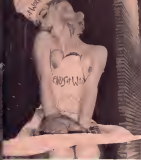
# SHE DISHES IT OUT



Stella has a cordon bleu recipe that people from miles around her California ranch home come to taste. And once having cooked it, she can certainly dish it out. Although Stella has never been to France or associated with a French chef, she can come up with the greatest Langouste grillée this side of the Atlantic ocean.

So popular is this dash with her best friends that Stella is anxious to expand her French culinary skills. She, therefore, intends to travel to France this summer in order to learn more about the French way of preparing these dishes.





## By Bruce Fleming

The search for identity is the problem of our age, and one of the little difficulties that often makes romance a source of pained surprise for a man is that he doesn't know if he's a rabbit or a turtle. Everyone has different personality characteristics. Some men, being slow-moving, are turtles; others, being fast-moving, are rabbits. Naturally, these characteristics also apply to girls.

Answer the following questions and find out if you're a turtle or a rabbit. You're one or the other if over 50 percent of your answers are in one category or the other. Then use the questions in the latter half of this quiz to find out if your girlfriend is a rabbit or a turtle. Maybe your trouble in the romance department is that you're a rabbit and you're going with a girl who's a turtle. Rabbits should only romance with rabbits, and turtles should only romance with turtles.

I. You are necking with a girl in

Rabbit: ( ) You give her the money out of your wallet without turning the lights on.

Turtle: ( ) You turn the lights

know that ten miles upstream a buddy of yours has a cabin that is stocked with food, liquor, and wood for the fireplace, and he has told you that you can have it for the weekend. The time is Saturday morning, and you don't have to be back in town until Monday morning.

Rabbit: ( ) You arrange to run



on so you can count the money accurately before you give it to her.

2. You are renting an apartment, and as the landlord shows you around the place, he opens the bedroom door and there reading on the bed is a shapely blonde in a negligee who looks at you with inviting eyes. The landlord explains that the girl goes with the apartment.

Rabbit: ( ) You rent the apartment without haggling with the landlord about the rent, and then you call your boss and arrange to take your vacation immediately.

Turtle: ( ) You tell the landlord that you want the apartment, but you'll only take it if he gets rid of the girl, because you want the right to choose your own friends.

3. You are taking a gorgeous redheaded girl for an outing on the river in your new cabin cruiser. You

out of gas right at the landing of your buddy's cabin.

Turtle: ( ) You make sure before you leave that you have plenty of gas because you want to get back in town by evening to watch a championship prizefight on television at 7 o'clock.

4. You are at a party where you meet a beautiful girl who is there with a heavyweight wrestler. You chat with the two, and while you're talking, the girl seems to lose her balance and falls, and you catch her and restore her to her feet. Later, when you get home, you find a key in your coat pocket with the girl's name and address on it, tied to an invitation to visit her.

Rabbit: ( ) You worry for a moment about her boyfriend, but then you think: "What's the difference?" So you use the key to visit the girl.

Turtle: ( ) You worry for a long time about her boyfriend, and then you mail the key back to

her with a note telling her that you're not interested.

\* \* \*

5. You are out on a blind date with a girl who turns out to be very pretty, and with an excellent figure. You take her to a nice cocktail bar, and she says, "I think I'll have some martinis. They make me do things I shouldn't."

Rabbit: ( ) You order her all the martinis she wants.

Turtle: ( ) You refuse to let her have any martinis because you don't think she should do things she shouldn't with a man she hardly knows.

\* \* \*

6. You have a large house, and one day an old buddy and his beautiful wife come to visit you for a couple of weeks. The first morning your buddy gets out his golf clubs and asks you to play golf with him.

Rabbit: ( ) You say, "Sorry, I don't play golf, ol' buddy, but I'll get you a game with a friend of

a week, and it's not getting any better.

Rabbit: ( ) You get a quart of bourbon and go to bed, and make up your mind to stay there until your cold is better.

Turtle: ( ) You go to your doctor.

\* \* \*

8. You meet a gorgeous stripper at a party, and both of you are attracted to each other immediately. You both continue drinking until the party is over, and then you put her in your car and take off.

Rabbit: ( ) You end up at a tattoo parlor where you have her picture tattooed on your chest.

Turtle: ( ) You take her home, kiss her chastely on the forehead, and tell her you'll call her after you've cleared it with your conscience.

\* \* \*

9. Your shapely girlfriend is asked to enter a bathing beauty contest, but she's undecided as to whether she's shapely enough.



mine. And don't let it bother you. Your wife and I will find something to do to pass the time."

Turtle: ( ) You go out and buy a set of golf clubs, take some fast lessons, and spend the rest of the two weeks with your buddy.

\* \* \*

7. You have had a bad cold for

Rabbit: ( ) You get a tape measure and measure her to decide.

Turtle: ( ) You get her girlfriend to get a tape measure and measure her to decide.

\* \* \*

10. You finally decide to marry a gorgeous girl whom you know can't cook. The last time you eat

in the greasy spoon you've been eating in for the last year, you say to the cook:

Rabbit: ( ) "I'm getting married tomorrow. Thank goodness I don't have to eat your cooking anymore!"

Turtle: ( ) "I'm getting married tomorrow. I'll sure miss your cooking!"

\* \* \*

## QUIZ FOR GIRLS

1. You are hitchhiking by yourself when a handsome man in a big car comes along and offers you a lift.

Rabbit: ( ) You climb in and let him pay your expenses for the rest of your trip.

Turtle: ( ) You turn down his offer of a lift, and wait until an elderly man and woman come along to give you a ride.

\* \* \*

2. You are taking a walk when a handsome man jumps out of some bushes and takes you in his arms and kisses you passionately.

Rabbit: ( ) You go to the police department, not to report the man's attacking you, but to ask the Bureau of Missing Persons to find him again for you.

Turtle: ( ) You report the man to the police for attacking you.

\* \* \*

3. You are playing strip poker with your boyfriend.

Rabbit: ( ) He keeps losing steadily, but everytime he takes something off, you also take something off, just to keep the game interesting.

Turtle: ( ) He keeps losing steadily, and when you have won all his clothes, you bundle them up, say goodnight, and then take them to an old clothes dealer and sell them.

\* \* \*

4. You meet a pair of handsome  
(continued on page 72)



# DARTS and DASHES

"I feel like a dart board, the way men make passes at me," avers Vilma. We don't know whether her remark is in the nature of a complaint, or is a simple statement of fact. In any case, any fool can see that the men she speaks of are definitely on target: The crux of this whole matter is, of course, that a gal should never complain about men making overtures—or passes at her.







Those girls who should complain are the ones no men makes passes at. But just what kind of men is Vilma talking about? Are they bouncers, roués, rogues?



No indeed. The men are respected members of the advertising agency for which she is working, and they are among Vilma's most ardent fans and admirers.

# SCOREBOARD

More news and comments pertinent to the ever raging battle of the sexes in which we can not help but be a vital part.

BY THOMAS BOYD

## LUCID LUCI

At age 20, Luci Johnson Nugent has "come out of retirement" to aid her father in his campaign for the presidency. Addressing members of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association at a convention in Dallas, she remarked: "I have never known life without electricity." A shocking statement to say the least. Luci obviously has forgotten those dark days at the White House when her father, driven by a patriotic need for economy, went around turning off all the lights. No doubt, the President wishes his current problems could be solved as easily. But, in spite of these problems, he seems to want to have a go at them for the next four years, and Luci intends to help him achieve his ambition.

*Luci's loyalty to her dad scores a point for the gals even though, in campaigning for him, she must leave her small son, Lynn, at home much of the time. The lad, now 10 months old, is able to walk, speak about 20 words, and in moments of seeming peril says, "Oh—Oh!"—a remark he might address to his grandfather.*

## LOAD OF CODSWALLOP

A recent article in a Russian newspaper referred to

her as "a tool of capitalist society." Well, Twiggy does look like a screwdriver, but a tool of capitalist society? Hardly. As a matter of fact, she has put the screws to her Russian detractors. The article in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* declared that Twiggy has been set up as the Goddess of Ignorance, to be worshipped by Western teenagers in order to keep their minds off the alleged machination of the Establishment. After reading this about herself, the Twig remarked in the best tradition of the Cockney vernacular: "It's a load of Godswallop." Then she added, "I get a lot of fan mail from behind the Iron Curtain. Maybe that's what's bothering them."

*Score one for this English Mus. Her Russian fans may find it difficult to translate "Godswallop," but certainly they get the message. As the Twig is bent, so might grow the Russian teenagers.*

## NO. 2 TRIES HARDER

Sometimes referred to as Las Vegas's Avis (Howard Hughes is No. 1), Kirk Kerkorian, started with a surplus C-47 right after World War Two, and has been flying high ever since. This spring, he watched the ground breaking for his \$80 million hotel complex, that will be one of the largest in the world when completed. In between the purchase of the "old flying crate" and his new hotel, Kerkorian has invested in several other hotels in Las Vegas, an airline service, and Nevada land. Today his total worth is estimated at \$200 million. Not bad for an Armenian lad who was forced to drop out of high school during the Depression to help his struggling, non-English-speaking parents maintain their small farm in Fresno, California.

*For this high school dropout, score one point. Not that we want to encourage dropouts, but Kerkorian is living proof that a fellow can make it, even with an educational handicap.*

## STRETCHED HIS STRETCH

Convicted for armed robbery, Dave McCalla was sentenced to Pennsylvania State Prison for four years. As it worked out, he served his term, then asked for an extension of 32 days. When he had entered prison, McCalla had had only a fourth grade education. At the end of his four years, he had almost completed the prison's college program. All he needed was 32 days to finish the course. He requested that his stretch be stretched. His request was granted, and McCalla wound up his college education with a B average.

*This graduate from Penn State certainly deserves a point for his determination to improve himself through education.*



Twiggy has been declared "a tool of capitalist society" by Russians who claim she's being used against teen-agers.

### SLOBBERING DEBAUCHEES

When the students of Edinburgh University demanded, among other things, that the administration hand out birth-control pills at the university's medical dispensary, the rector, an old Iconoclastic curmudgeon, Malcolm Muggeridge, took umbrage. Not only did he take umbrage, but he also took to the pulpit of St. Giles's Cathedral. Reaffirming his sympathies with the rebellious ways of youth, the Mugger declared he was all for it, "up to and including blowing up this magnificent edifice." But the demand for the pill was too much. That sort of request, swore Muggeridge, "raised in me not so much disapproval as contempt. How sad, how macabre and funny it is," Muggeridge concluded, "that all they put forward should be a demand for pot and pills—the resort of any slobbering debauchee." Having gotten that off his chest, the Mugger promptly resigned his post as rector of the university.

*Anyone who can stand up in the face of youth's demanding ways and tell it off when its demands become so ridiculous, deserves our praise. Score two points for the men.*

### BONNIE

According to motion picture producer, Otto Preminger, Bonnie lies over the ocean. The Bonnie he refers to is, of course, Faye Dunaway. And while she is galavanting overseas denying Preminger's claims that he has a contract with her, he is stewing in New York. (Preminger is also getting a roasting for the turkey he just released—*Hurry Sundown*, in which Faye appears.) She failed to show up for work at the start of his latest picture because she preferred to remain in Italy where she is learning Italian so she can better communicate with Dino Laurentiis, producer of her next picture. Preminger notwithstanding. Meanwhile, Otto has filed suit against Faye for damages, and is asking for an injunction restraining her from working for anyone else. To which Faye is reported to have exclaimed, "*Fare un altro sogno.*"

*Preminger is known as the fastest litigant in the West. Anyone who can outdraw him, as Faye apparently has done thus far, deserves a point.*

### BUY BUY BLACKBIRD

It appears that there are not only disadvantaged people in our country, but also disadvantaged birds—specifically, the blackbird. To correct this disparity, the Administration earmarked something over \$60,000 in its last budget for studies on the social life of the blackbird. Eagle-eyed representative Durwood G. Hall recently flew into a tizzy when he discovered the University of Washington's nest had been feathered to the tune of \$50,400 by the National Science Foundation for "An Ecology of Blackbirds Social Organization." As if this wasn't bad enough, the representative took another bird's-eye view of the Federal government's spending and discovered California Polytechnic College with a bird in the hand worth \$11,200 for a study it was making on the "Competition and Social Organization in Mixed Colonies of Blackbirds." (At least this study indicated that the blackbirds were integrating, which is encouraging.)

*Any official who will come out and tell the taxpayers where and how they are getting their feathers plucked, deserves praise. A point for the men.*

### ELEVATED BY HOT AIR

Each year about this time, many of the people of Murren, Switzerland, become rather flighty, for it is the site of the annual International Alpine Balloon Meet. The event draws about a dozen balloonists who, in the course of their competitions, will take passengers along for the modest fee of \$1,440 each. The only woman balloonist at the event this year is Regula Hug-Messmer,



Bonnie lies over the ocean. Faye Dunaway, who is in Italy making a picture, ignores Hollywood producer's injunction.

a Swiss miss who has challenged the best of the men. When it comes to ballooning, Miss Hug-Messmer will talk a blue streak. (What better person to have aboard a contraption that is elevated by hot air.) She has taken dozens of flights across the Alps and finds each ascent a pleasant experience. "We all take champagne aloft," Regula reveals. (That's one way of getting a lift.) And ballooning is not as haphazard as it may seem, according to Miss Hug-Messmer. "A balloonist's true skill is judged by his ability to land as close as possible to a prearranged spot."

*That is certainly a down-to-earth assessment and should be good for one point for this one-of-the-kind female balloonist.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*It doesn't take a computer to tabulate the scores garnered by the contending parties on this go-round. It's 4 points for the fens and 5 for the gents. Adding these points to the overall totals, we find that the contest now stands at 41 for the women and 46 for the men.*



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twinn men, and both of them go for you. When the first one asks if you like to double date, you reply:

Rabbit: ( ) "Of course I like to double date. When are you fellows available?"

Turtle: ( ) "Of course I like to double date. I'll see if I can't get a girl for your brother."

5. You are shipwrecked on a desert island with a handsome man. When he makes a pass at you, you say:

Rabbit: ( ) "I'll have you know that I'm a nice girl. Of course, I'm not a fanatic about it!"

Turtle: ( ) "I'll have you know that I'm a nice girl. And I'm also a fanatic about it!"

6. You are walking your dog in the park when a handsome man comes up to you and asks what kind of a dog you have. You reply:

Rabbit: ( ) "I don't know what kind of a dog he is, but I'm 28 years old, single, a natural blonde, measure 36-26-35, have an affectionate disposition, and I just love strange men."

Turtle: ( ) "It's a pedigreed French poodle, a mammal of the order *Carnivora*, family *Canidae*, which includes the wolf, fox, dingo, and other wild animals. They are characterized by their non-retractable claws, three be-

ing five toes on the forefeet and four on the hind."

7. Your opinion of men, formed by going out on dates with them for several years, is expressed by the following:

Rabbit: ( ) "You men are all alike, thank goodness!"

Turtle: ( ) "You men are all alike. Is that all you ever think about?"

8. You work as a secretary and one day you walk into your boss's office to see about the raise you've been promised.

Rabbit: ( ) You tell the boss that he promised you a raise two weeks ago, and you're going to keep kissing him until you get it.

Turtle: ( ) You tell the boss that he promised you a raise two weeks ago, and would he please keep his promise.

9. You have just gotten married and your bridegroom has taken you to your honeymoon hotel. The moment the bellboy leaves, he wants to make love to you. You reply:

Rabbit: ( ) "I thought you'd never ask! After all, it's one o'clock in the afternoon and we're not getting any younger!"

Turtle: ( ) "What are you—mad? It's only one o'clock in the afternoon!"



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| 2010 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  | 2099 THE MINOR EXPLOSION Shaw 95c                         |
| 2009 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  | 2098 PSYCHOLOGY OF MISERABLE SEX Shaw 95c                 |
| 2008 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2007 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2006 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2005 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2004 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2003 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2002 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 2001 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1999 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1997 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1987 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1986 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1985 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1983 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1975 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1974 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1947 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1941 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1936 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1935 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1934 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1933 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1932 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1931 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1930 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1929 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1928 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1927 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1926 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1925 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1924 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1923 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1920 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1919 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1918 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1917 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1916 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1915 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1914 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
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| 1907 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI: THE MADONNA CHALLENGE Belford 1.25 □  |   |
| 1906 THE MEMOIRS OF JOSEPHINE MURCHERCHER, II Tr. Lufkin 1.25 □ | 2023 MADONNARI  |   |





# Jester's Gambit

## GOLDEN AGE

Two guys were talking about the number of women who seem to find older men attractive.

"My grandfather was a great example of that," said one. "Women were crazy about him even though he was over seventy."

"Was he crazy about them, too?" asked the other.

"Not at first, but after a while it went to his head and he started cutting a notch on his cane for every conquest he made. As a matter of fact, that's what killed him."

"A little too much exercise, eh?"

"No, he made the mistake of leaning on his cane one day."

## THE CLINCHER

It was a scene to remember.

"Darling, hold me close," murmured the passionate young actress to her handsome leading man. "I want you to press my lips."

"Why?" he asked. "Are they wrinkled?"

## HOT TIP

A friend of ours tells us he has developed a great foolproof method for returning from Las Vegas with a small fortune. He arrives there with a large fortune.

## CHOICE

The grinning bridegroom proudly lifted his new wife over the threshold, and then stood back to admire her glowing beauty. Here was the girl he had dreamed about, and now she was his at last.

"Well," she snapped, "shall we get at it right away, or do you want me to act nervous and shy?"

## DAMPENED SPIRIT

Bedwetting had plagued Fred since childhood. He was very worried and filled with shame, but just couldn't control the problem. His wife became so disgusted that she

finally threw him out of the house and told him not to come home until he was cured. Very despondent, Fred rushed over to see a psychiatrist. Four weeks later, he returned to his wife.

"Are you cured?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, not exactly," replied Fred. "I still wet the bed, but now when I do it, I'm proud."

## KISS AND TELL

Looking at his date as she rearranged her clothing, the college soph asked, "Do you tell your mother about everything you do?"

"Of course not," she replied. "It's my husband who's so damn inquisitive."

## BEAU GESTE

News item: "A roaring twister last night carried off Sam Thom-

dyke's house and furniture, and all his children are missing.

"Neighbors have kindly donated a bed to help give Sam and his wife a new start."

## DAFFYNITIONS

**Cuckold:** A bird that discovers a strange egg in his nest.

**Gold Digger:** A girl who breaks dates by going out with them.

**Madam:** Someone for whom the belles toil.

**Wolffess:** The kind of woman who can trip a man, and then cushion his fall.

**Nadist:** Someone who likes to be seen in all the best places.



"Uhh—where am I? Who am I?"

# a BRUSH with FAITH



Most gals are in their glory when they can enhance their hair—their crowning glory. Faith is one of those girls who simply "can't do a thing" with her hair. She is lucky, therefore, to have a friend like Martha who can do something with her brush







## MONEY-SAVING OFFER!!!

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